

Mr. Grant W. Barnes

"For years I have had heart difficulty and kidney trouble. I was unable to sleep on my teft side. I am now free from kidney trouble and can sleep on either side, thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. My wife had chronic sore throat for 20 years. Since taking

Hood's Cures throat except once when she took cold."

GRANT W. BARNES, Richford, N. Y. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure sick headache.

STAGE GLINTS. Edwina, the "phenomenal" dancer, ha made a big hit in New York city.

It is said that Charles Frohman will have more than 20 companies on the road next season. Phyllis Rankin will be a member of

Mrs. John Drew's "The Rivals" company next season. Manager A. M. Palmer has returned

from Europe with the proverbial "trunkful of plays." The well worn "Ivy Leaf" will go out again next season. Smith O'Brien will

of course be the brave Irish lad who rescues almost everybody in sight. The rights of "A Scandal In High Life" have reverted to the author, Edgar Sel-

den, the original exploiters of the farce not thinking well enough of it to tempt fortune on the road. Henry Irving, Ellen Terry and a few

friends are traveling across British America by easy stages. Their company will sail from Europe in time to reach San Francisco for their opening in September. B. F. Keith, the "continuous perform-

ance" magnate, is said to attribute most of his success to the fact that he compels attaches of his theaters to make specialty of politeness to patrons. His example reight be advantageously emulated by other managers.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

The starfish has five eyes.

It is reported that the eagles along the ocean coast of the state of Washington are being exterminated.

Sir John Lubbock, who once kept queen bee for 15 years, declares that a test proved that the eggs were as fertile at that age as they were 12 years before. The elephant is given the credit of be-

ing the most long lived as well as the most intelligent of all animals. Cuvier says that there are instances of their having lived to beyond the age of 800

All the species of shellfish draw the the carbonate of lime of which their shells are formed from the sea. After the death of the animals the shells accumulate at the bottom of the ocean, forming lofty mountains and vast beds of chalk.

Taxation In Ancient Holland.

In the history of taxation there is nothing more curious than the imposts to be found in the laws of the early days of Holland. The most curious tax of all was one imposed in 1674 on boots and shoes. In or-der to prevent the impost from being evaded each of those articles so essential to human comfort had to be conspicuously marked on the upper leather with the stamp of the maker and also with that of the taxing officer. The sum to be paid was regulated by the size of the boot or shoe. So, apart from the question of beauty, in those days it was a real advantage to have a small foot. In 1665 a tax was imposed on all passengers traveling in Holland by land or water. In 1791 this tax was still in force.

In 1674 a duty of 5 cents was levied upon each person who entered a tavern before noon. The tax was increased for afternoon visits. Persons who assembled in a private house after 3 o'clock in the after noon for the purpose of amusing themselves had each to pay a certain sum, and those who entered a place of public enter-tainment were likewise taxed. There was a duty on marriages and deaths. The amount of the tax varied according to the social position of the parties, while in the case of a person buried outside of the district in which he had lived, the amount payable by his executor was doubled.-Shoe and Leather Review.

A Valuable Article,

The girl's heart had been rudely handled by a young man, whose promises to pay were known among men to be of no more value than his promises to love were known among women, and she went to an attor ney to see about suing him for breach of

"So," said the kindly old gentleman, "you want to sue Jack for breach of pro-

"Yes, sir, I do, and I mean to," she as-

serted, with angry emphasis.
"What are the figures?"
"Twenty-five thousand dollars."

The old man's eyebrows flew up with a

"Twenty-five thousand dollars!" he space ulated. "Why, my dear young lady, there isn't a jury to this county that wouldn't laugh right out in the box at the very idea.

of one of Jack's promises being worth a thousandth part of it. You'd better bring in your broken heart and sue him for as sault and battery or crucity to animals or something like that."—Detroit Free Press.

French English.

"And speaking of tight money," said the traveled man. "I remember hearing that word 'tight' used in a funny way in Paris once. It was at a party in a hotel—as they call their houses over there—that was much too small for the crowd they had there. My host spoke his best English to me as I pushed through a jam for a how-do-you-do, and this is what he said the first thing. Tam afraid you will find we are very much too tight here! "Beston Transcript."

Six-Quatre and stood upon the threshold.

The old woman was there leaning on her staff, emaclated by her 80 years of poverty.

THE SOUTUDE OF TWO.

You were the queen of all the crowd That surged through Lady Mabel's roo Around the rich exotic bloom

I heard men praise your beauty rare, The contour of your sweet, pale face, Your massive coils of golden hair, The charm of all your regal grace.

Entranced they envied me, and yet I watch you in the fire's dim light And wish that we had never met. For here alone with you tonight,

When we cast off our heart's disguise, I dare not, dare not seek to know What memory shrouds your dreaming eyes With mists of tears that come and go.

Your little hand is mine, but fate Denies the bliss I vainly crave, And both our lives are desolate,
Divided by your lover's grave.

-London World.

DR. TRIFULGAS

Whoo-oo-oo! roared the wind. Mi-i-ish! the rain was pouring in torrents. The fury of the gale bowed the trees on the Volsin ian coast and beat upon the ciffs of the mountains of Crimma. The lofty rocks along the shore were gnawed by the waves of the vast sea of Niegalocride. Whoo-oo-oo! Whi-i-ish!

At the end of the harbor is the little lown of Luktrop. A few hundred houses, four or five steep streets, which look like ravines, paved with pebble stones and roughened by the scorize ejected by the neighboring volcano, Vangler. During the day it emits sulphurous vapors, at night, ever and anon, huge tongues of flame. Like a lighthouse, the Vangalor shows the harbor of Luktrop to the coasters whose keels cut the waves of the Niegalocride.

On the other side of the town are some ruins of the Crimmarian period. Then comes a suburb which recalls Arabian villages, with white walls, round roofs and sun scorched terraces, a heap of stones flung there haphazard, like a pile of dice whose

angles were worn off by the steps of time.

Among other buildings is the Six-Quatre,
a name given to an odd looking structure with six windows on one side and four on the other.

A steeple dominates the town—the square belfry of St. Philfilene, with a chime of bells which are sometimes stirred by the tempest. It is considered a bad omen and always inspires terror throughout the coun

Such is Luktrop. Then outside are scat-tered houses standing amid the broom and furze, as in Brittany. But it isn't in Brit-tany. Is it in France? I don't know. In Europe? I don't know that, either. At any rate, don't look for Luktrop on the map not even on Stieler's atlas.

Tap! A timid knock was heard on the

narrow door of the Six-Quatre at the left angle of the Rue Messagliere. It was one of the most comfortable houses, if the word can be applied to Luktrop.

The knock was answered by savage bark

ing, intermingled with howling, like the barking of a wolf. Then a window above the door opened. "Deuce take these troublesome people," said an angry voice.

A young girl wrapped in a shabby cloak

who stood shivering in the rain, asked in Dr. Trifulgas was at home. "He is or isn't-according to circum

"I've come to ask him to go to my dying father.

"Where is he dying?"
"On the coast of Val Karinon, four mile rom here. "What is his name?"

"Vort Kartif." "Vort Kartif?" "Yes, and if Dr. Trifulgas"-

"Dr. Trifulgas isn't in." And the window closed abruptly, whil rain blended in a deafening noise.

This Dr. Trifulgas was a hard man, Hi old dog Hurzof-a cross between a bulldon and a spaniel-would have had more pity His house, Six-Quatre, inhospitable to the poor, opened only to the rich. Besides, he had a regular scale of charges for his serv ices—so much for typhoid fever, so much for a congestion, so much for pericarditis and other diseases which doctors invent by the dozen. Now, Vort Kartif was a poor man, a member of an insignificant family Why should Dr. Trifulgas disturb himself

and on such a night? "Just getting me up was worth 10 freezers," he muttered as he went back to hi

Scarcely 20 minutes had passed when the ron knocker again struck on the door of Six-Quatre. The doctor in a rage again leaned out of

the window.
"Who's there?" be shouted. "I am Vort Kartif's wife."

"The man at Val Karinon?" "Yes, and if you don't come he will die. "Well, you'll be a widow."

"Here are 20 fretzers." "Twenty fretzers to go to Val Karinon four miles off! No, thank you! Deuce take me if I will."

And the window banged again. Twenty fretzers! A fine piece of business! Risk a cold or lumbago for 20 fretzers, especially when, the next morning, he was expected at Kiltrono by the rich Edzingov, from whose gout he made 50 fretzers a visit.

With this agreeable prospect Dr. Tri-With this agreeable prospect Dr. Infulgas slept still more soundly than before.
"Whoo-oo-oo! Mi-i-ish! And then tap!
tap! This time three blows from the
knocker, plied by a more resolute hand,
blended with the noise of the storm. The
doctor woke, but in what a temper! When
the window was opened, the wind burst in

"It is for Vort Kartif." "That miserable fellow again?" "I am his mother."

"May his mother, his wife and his daugh-ter die wieh him."

"He has an attack of"— "Well, let him defend himself."

"They have sent you some money," the old women added. "An installment on the house which was sold to Dontrup on the Ruc Messagilere. If you don't come, my granddaughter will be fatherless, my daughter a widow, and I shall have no son."

It was pitiful and terrible to hear this aged woman's roice, to think that the wind was chilling the blood in her weins, that the rain was drenching her thin form!

"An attack of epilepsy is worth 200 fretgers," replied the heartless Trifulgas.

"We have only 120."

"Good evening!"
And the window shut again. But on reflection 120 fretzers for a two hours' walk, including the visit, that was 60 fretzers an hour, a fretzer a minute. The profit was small, yet after all not to be despised.

Instead of going back to bed, the doctor slipped into his cost, put on his high boots, his thick overcost and his mittens, then leaving his lamp burning beside his Codex, open at page 197, be subsided the door of his Courter and sized upon the threshold.

"Here they are, and may God increas them to you a hundredfold."
"God! The money of the poor! Did any-

body ever see the color of it?" The doctor whistled to Hurzof, lighted a small lantern, hung it round his neck and turned toward the sea.

The old woman followed him.
What a tempest of wind and rain! The bells of St. Philfilene began to ring. A bad omen! Pshaw! Dr. Trifulgas was not su-perstitious. He believed in nothing, not even his own science—except for the income it brought him. What weather and what a road too! Stones, slippery with soaweed: scories crunching under the tread. No light, except the faint, wavering mays from Hursof's lantern. Sometimes there was a burst of flame from the peak of Vanglor, amid which huge, grotesque silhouettes seemed to hover. We do not know what lurks at the bottom of these fathomiess craters. Perhaps they are the souls of the under world, which turn to vapor in rising.

The doctor and the old woman followed the curves of the little bays on the shore. The sea was white with a livid pallor-the whiteness of mourning—gilttering with a phosphorescent light along the line of surf, which broke in sbining waves upon the

Both climbed to the bend in the road, between the downs, where the broom and furze met like a thicket of bayonets. The dog had come close to his master and

eemed to say: "Ha! A hundred and twenty fretzers for the strongbox! That's the way to get rich! More land for the vineyard! Another dish on the supper table! Another bone for faithful Hursof! Let us nurse the sick rich people and bleed-their pockets." At this point the old woman stopped, and with a trembling finger pointed to a ruddy

light shiping through the gloom. It came from Vort Kartif's house. "There?" asked the doctor. "Yes," replied the old woman.

The dog howled plaintively. Suddenly the voicano with a roar which seemed to shake it to its foundations sent forth a sheaf of flames which appeared to touch the clouds. Dr. Trifulgas was thrown down by the shock.

Swearing like a trooper, he rose and looked around him. The old woman was no longer there. Had she disappeared in some chasm in the earth, or was she concealed by the heavy mist? The dog was standing erect on his hind legs, with his mouth wide open and the lantern out.

"Let us go on!" murmured Dr. Triful-The worthy man had pocketed his mon

ey. He must earn it. There was only one glimmer of light-There was only one glimmer of lightperhaps half a mile away. It came from
the room of the dying or dead man. That
was the house. The old wonan had pointed to it. No mistake was possible.

Amid the roaring of the wind, the rush
of the rain, the whole fury of the tampest,
Dr. Trifulgus walked swiftly on. As he

advanced, the house, standing alone in the fields, became more and more clearly vis-

It was strange how closely it resembled the doctor's residence, Six-Quatre at Luk trop; the same arrangement of the win-dows in front, the same little vanited door Dr. Trifulgus hurried on as fast as the hurricane would permit. The door was ajar. He pushed it open, and the gale banged it after him rudely. The dog, left outside, howled, pausing at intervals like the singers between the verses of a paalm. Strange! One would think that Dr. Tri-

at Luktrop. Yet there was the same low, at Luktrop. Yet there was the same low, vaulted corridor, the same winding wooden she asked, and I showed it to her.

"She instantly seized it and broke in

low canopy: on the right the old pearwood chest, at the left a strongbox where he meant to deposit his 120 fretzers. There stood his lefther cushioned armchair, his table with its twisted legs and on it near the dying lamp his Godex, opened at page

"What alls me?" he muttered. "What alls me?" he muttered.

What was it? A chill of fear crept through
his veins. His pupils dilated. His body
seemed to shrink. A cold perspiration
came through the pores of his skin.

He must hasten. The lamp was going
out for lack of oil. He must look at the

Yes, there was the bed-his bed with pil-

Yes, there was the bed—his bed with plilars and canopy, closed by flowered curtains. Was it possible that that was a poor
man's wretched pallet?

With a trembling hand he grasped the
curtains, parted them and glanced within.

The dying man, with his face is full
view, lay motionless, as if about to draw
his last breath. The doctor bent over him.
Oh, what a cry escaped his lips—answered
by the mournful baying of the dog outside.

The dying man was not Vort Kartlf, but
Dr. Trifulgas. It was he whom the congestion had attacked. A cerebral apoplexy,
with a sudden accumulation of water in

with a sudden accumulation of water in the cavities of the brain, with paralysis of he side of the body opposite to the seat of the injury.

Yes, it was he for whom a physician had been summoned; he, who in the hardness of his heart had refused to go to the poor man; he who was dying.
Dr. Trifulgas was like a madman. He

Dr. Trifulgas was like a madman. He felt that the case was hopeless. The gravity of the symptoms increased every moment. The action of the heart and respiration were about to cease. Yet he had not wholly lost the consciousness of existence. What should be de? Lessen the quantity of blood by means of bleeding? Dr. Trifulgas was a dead man if he delayed.

Bleeding was still practiced at that time.

Bleeding was still practiced at that time, and, as at the present day, the doctors gured of apoplexy all who were not destined to die of it. Dr. Trifulgus seized his case of instru-

Dr. Trifulgas select and cut the arm ments, took out a lancet and cut the arm of his double. The blood did not flow. He rubbed the chest violently, the action of his own heart was failing. He put het besche to the feet—his own were growing bricks to the feet-his own were go Then his double started up in bed, strug-

gled violently for breath and drew a long sigh. And Dr. Trifulgas, spite of all that his knowledge could suggest, died under

his hands.

The next morning only a corpse was found in Six-Quatre—the body of Dr. Trifulgas. It was interred with great pump in the comstery of Luktrop after numerous others which he had sent there—according to the most approved formula.

As to old Hurzof, they say that since that day he has darted through the country with his lighted lanters howling like a lost dog.

I can't wouch for the truth of the rumor but so many queer things happen in this land of Volsiness near the authories of Luk-

But, I superat, don't took for this place on the map. The best geographers have not yet agreed as to its situation in latitude, or even in longitude.—Jules Verne.

THE FAN OF PEACOCK'S FEATHERS.

The Evil 1t Wrought For One Woman

Until the Spell Was Broken. "I am not apperstitious," said an actress recently, "but I don't believe I shall ever recently, "but I don't believe I shall ever care to have peacock's feathers in my possession again. A few weeks ago I saw a fan made of them in one of the shops here, and thinking it was just what I wanted bought it. I gave a \$10 bill in payment, waying I would get the change on the way out. The fan was \$5.50, and when I went back to the counter the money had not yet tetarned.

"I was in a desperate hurry, for it was pearly rehearsal time, but as it was Saturday and we were going out on a short eastern tour Sunday morning I had to wait as long as possible. There had been an error, and my \$4.40 had gone astray I was finally told, but it would be forwarded to me, the girl said, and I rushed up to rehearsal, just ate enough to incur a fine.
"After the trouble with the money, being

consequently a little short of cash in my purse, I sent home, C. O. D., a small pack-age whose contents cost \$1. This dollar I gave to the maid at my boarding house, telling her to pay for something that was coming for me. While I was at dinner the manager sent for my two trunks to go to the station, and the stupid maid assumed this to be the place for my dollar and paid it over to the expressman, who, not under-standing, pocketed it as the expressage for the trunks. So when the package did come it took another dollar to get it, and there

was no way to get the first one back.
"Nothing happened on Sunday, except
that my berth was over the wheels, and I left a package of the late papers I had just bought in the New York waiting room, but on Monday, not feeling well, I bought a bottle of an expensive tonic, and had hardly got out of the drug store when it slipped from my hands and fell, breaking to bits. As the tonic was not for externa use this outward application only soiled my gown, and I had to go right back and pay over another \$1.25 for more of the med-

"We were to play three nights in the place, and I left some of my things around the dressing room after Monday night's

"When I opened the door Tuesday evening, a cloud of flying down floated toward me. It was my powder puff, which had been chewed by mice, as I thought, but soon found that more than mice had been abroad in the room, A little search showed a big rathole in one corner, and in it were sticking a half gnawed shoe, one of a pair of red silk ones, made from a piece of a dress I wore in one act. The other was never found. The rats had disposed of that entirely, and of a pair of long, reft gloves that went with the costume. Of course they had eaten all the grease paint around and had even jumped up from the shelf and chewed a pair of red siik laces that faced my dress and that I had hung up on a nail. These were chewed as far as they could be reached.

"I had to go on that night without gloves and in a pair of old white kid boots that the property man hastily painted red as well

"The manager of the theater told me the place was overrun by rats, that a short time before he had shut a ferret up one night in one of the dressing rooms, and in the morning he could not be found any where, but that didn't console me for the loss of my expensive and not easily dupli-

"Wednesday morning in my room at the Strange! One would think that the Strange! One would think that the front of a new teagown, and then fulgas had returned to his own home. Yet front of a new teagown, and then fulgas had not grown bewildered and made a One of the girls ran in, and in telling of my list of misfortunes I spoke of their dating list of misfortunes I spoke of their dating

Yes, and if Dr. Trifulgas"—
Dr. Trifulgas isn't in."

The went to the landing. A faint light filtered under the door as at Six-Quatre, blended in a deafening noise.

If in the window closed abruptly, while filtered under the door as at Six-Quatre, blended in a deafening noise.

If it is not the window and the window and throwing the pieces as far as she could. I dearned then for the first time the superation about peacock feathers, and though it is yellowed in it. I had no more wees,

!! speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof." LARD MUST

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